

Children Behave by flippyspoon

Series: [Pour Some Sugar on Me \[8\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Established Relationship, Fluff, Humor, M/M, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, Steve's invisible mom

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-02

Updated: 2017-12-02

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:07:50

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,386

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Children behaaaaaave

That's what they say when we're together...

Yeah that's my summary.

(j/k they're at the mall)

Children Behave

Billy Hargrove read the tag on a blue silk shirt and curled his lip. There was absolutely no point in even browsing in a department store like L.S. Ayres, but fantasies of *someday* strutting into a place like that and throwing cash around just to wear their dumb shirts open halfway down his chest had been flitting through his head as he'd paced around the mall outside Hawkins, feeling bored but content--only in that he was out of the house. It would have been more fun with Steve.

He did need new boots but he wasn't even going to look at what they were charging for boots in a place like this. Some old crone tossed Billy a horrified expression just for, Billy supposed, *existing* and he casually adjusted himself in his jeans while she was watching. He heard her little gasp of surprise and smirked to himself.

"This one's *fine*, mom."

"Try on the double-breasted--"

"Pfft. I'm not a wearing double-breasted suit. I'm eighteen-years-old, not sixty."

"When did you get so difficult?"

"Let's just get this one."

"Then try on the blue one."

"For fuck's sake."

"Steven!"

Billy could pick out Steve Harrington's voice in a crowd of hopped up howler monkeys and now he whipped around and sure enough there Steve was, on the other side of two racks of suits, standing there with his mother, a woman in a skirt suit with a helmet head of blonde hair. Billy's heart gave a little leap and he ducked behind a full-

length mirror so as not to be seen, and watched their interaction.

Steve was a little hunched over, his hands shoved in the pockets of corduroys. His lanky frame accentuated the curve of his back. He looked like a sulking kid. He tugged on his polo shirt.

“Try on the blue one,” his mother said again.

“*Fine.*”

Steve walked straight towards him and Billy moved behind the mirror again so that Steve passed right by him on his way to the dressing rooms.

Suddenly Billy’s day had become a lot less boring.

He gave it a minute or two and strode into the dressing room area. His ears perked up when he heard Steve grumbling at the end of the line of doors. The room next to Steve’s was empty and Billy ducked inside it.

Steve said, “Goddamn stupid...”

There was a bench in the empty dressing room and Billy stepped up onto it and gripped the divider between them, peering down at Harrington, who was wearing the blue suit in question, and fiddling with a red tie, though the accompanying white shirt was half unbuttoned.

“Well, *what* do we have here?” Billy said. He watched Steve jump about a mile and look up at him, mouth agape. “Steve Harrington about to take his rightful place amongst the yuppie set.”

Steve was trying not to smile and said, “The hell are you doing here?”

“Shopping,” Billy said loftily.

“*Here?*”

“I wear clothes, don’t I?”

“But here?”

Billy hopped down and darted out to knock on Steve’s dressing room door. “Lemme in, Harrington.”

Harrington opened the door, wearing a wary yet amused expression. “Hey there.”

“Hey yourself,” Billy said. “So, shopping with mumsy, are we?”

“Oh, God. Don’t start. It’s for graduation.”

Billy shut the door behind him and crossed his arms, leaning on the wall as Steve turned to finish buttoning his shirt like some kind of person who buttoned his shirts.

“No, it’s real cute,” Billy said. “Does she lay all your clothes out for you too?”

“Fuck off,” Steve said, snorting a laugh.

“You should tell her I’d really like to see you with one of those pastels sweaters tied around your shoulders.”

“*Jesus*. You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Steve said, raising an eyebrow at Billy in the mirror.

“I would,” Billy said. “I’d tie you up with it.”

“I’d tie *you* up with it.”

“Even better.”

Steve turned and leaned on the wall behind him, crossing his ankles, fidgeting with his tie.

“You know you look like the President of the Young Republicans?” Billy said.

“If my dad had his way...” Steve said.

“Not likely,” Billy said, ambling over to Steve with a slow seductive swagger. “I’ve corrupted you way too much.”

“Yeah,” Steve said. “I was sooo pure and innocent before the bad boy from California came along.”

“You were a little innocent,” Billy said, closing in and teasing Steve’s lips with his own; the faintest brush of mouths, enough to make them both shiver.

“You wish,” Steve muttered, and kissed him. Billy bit his lip and Steve sighed and pulled him closer and they stood lazily making out in the dressing room until there was a knock on the door.

“Are you alright in there, Steven?” Steve’s mother said.

Billy’s eyes went big, full of mirth, and he pursed his lips, looking at Steve, who was still clutching Billy’s jacket and holding him close.

“Yeah!” Steve said. “Be out in a second!”

“How’s the crotch fit?” Steve’s mother said. “Is it too tight for you?”

Billy’s cheeks puffed out and Steve clapped a hand over his mouth, to hold back the impending burst of laughter. Billy burrowed into Steve’s neck, his shoulders shaking as he silently lost his shit.

“No, the crotch is fine, mom,” Steve said flatly.

“Okay, dear! I’ll be outside!”

They listened to her footsteps fade away and then Billy let himself go, collapsing against Steve. He could barely talk from laughing. “Is...! Is the...*crotch* too tight!”

“I dunno why you’re laughing,” Steve said. “We both know there’s a solid chance of the crotch being too tight.”

Billy stuck his tongue out and palmed Steve’s snug but not too tight crotch. “Now don’t get me all hot and bothered, pretty boy. We’ll be arrested for public indecency.”

“Your existence is public indecency,” Steve cracked.

“Fuck yeah it is,” Billy said, and slowly slid Steve’s tie from around

his neck in order to kiss his neck properly. “Hey, get rid of your old lady, will ya? Hang out with me.”

“Yeah?” Steve said.

“Yeah, c’mon.” He nibbled on Steve’s earlobe. “If you’re real good, I’ll buy you an Orange Julius.”

“Well, now I’m sold,” Steve said, and turned his head to kiss Billy’s lips again.

A few minutes later Billy hid behind a shelf of boxer shorts and watched Steve placate his mother with the blue suit, sending her off to the cashier and telling her he’d spotted some friends and was staying behind and he’d get a ride home and yes the blue suit fit perfectly and bla bla bla.

Billy bounced on the balls of his feet and watched Steve’s mom pay for the suit and then disappear out the exit to the parking lot before Steve jogged over and grabbed his hand.

“C’mon, this place is aging me ten years,” Steve said, leading him to the mall entrance.

They wandered around the mall, with no particular place in mind. There was a heightened giddiness to Billy’s day going from nothing to exciting just by virtue of bumping into preppy, well-intentioned, sometimes snarky, sweet-eyed Steve Harrington who had somehow managed to pluck Billy’s heart from his chest and keep it for himself.

Billy took Steve to a cheap accessory store meant for girls.

“You tell anybody I came in here,” Billy said, glancing around for familiar faces, “and your ass is grass.”

“I’d just say you’re shopping for a girlfriend anyway,” Steve said with a shrug.

Billy headed for the lone rack of men’s jewelry in the back as Steve followed. “Yeah, my demanding, whiney girlfriend-”

“Demanding,” Steve said with a snort. Steve browsed the men’s

jewelry. "They have stores with better guys' stuff than this."

"This is cheaper," Billy said. He picked out a set of earrings composed of a long curvy black metal snake with black crystal eyes that would dangle from one ear. It had a matching crystal stud. "Whattaya think of this?"

Steve looked closely at it and nodded. "It's very you."

Billy held the earring up to his ear and looked in the mirror. It was very him. He heard girls laughing and glanced over to see a thirteen-year-old getting her ears pierced.

A wonderful thought occurred to him and he turned to Steve.

"Harrington."

"Yep."

"Get your ear pierced."

"Ha! Yeah right."

"I'm serious."

"You're nuts."

"C'moon."

"Babe, I'm not you. I'm not a guy who gets his ear pierced."

Billy stood in his way and fluttered his eyelashes. "You could be."

Steve laughed softly. "My father would lose his mind."

"Oh, okay," Billy said. "It's not because you don't want to, it's 'cause mumsy and dadsy wouldn't like it. I get it. I mean I thought you were an adult and everything, old enough to join the army, can't get his ear pierced..."

Steve threw his head back with a dramatic sigh. "I couldn't pull it off!"

“Sure, ya could. You’d just wear a little stud. Not dangly shit.”

“I swear to God, Billy.”

Billy’s heart abruptly sank and he put the earrings back, pissed at himself. “Fine. Whatever, Harrington. Just thought it’d be... Forget it.” He started to walk away, feeling stupid. He’d shown so much of his heart to Steve. It had *not* always been easy. He still got unreasonably upset about small things like this, even when he trusted Steve to be kind with them.

“Whoa whoa.” Steve grabbed his hand and pulled him back. “You thought it’d be what?”

“I mean...” Billy hesitated and Steve squeezed his hand. “We gotta fuckin’ hide all the time. Can’t touch you in public if I feel like it because fucking Hawkins, because fucking Indiana. Just thought, ya know... I could wear the snake, you could wear the stud and...*we’d* know. It’s stupid. Forget it.”

“Well, Jesus, Hargrove.” Steve smiled softly at him, looking at Billy with his big brown eyes. “You had to go get all romantic about it.” He took the earring set back off the rack and winked at Billy. “I’ll do it.”

Billy’s heart swelled and he ducked his head, sure that everyone anywhere near him could tell just how in love he was with Steve Harrington.

The thirteen-year-old had left and at the high table where a girl sat clearing away used cotton balls, Steve took a deep breath and said, “Uh, hi. I want to pierce my ear.” He turned to Billy. “Which ear?”

“The right one,” Billy said.

“Why the right one?”

“Because I said so.”

Steve turned back to the girl and said, “Want to pierce my right ear.”

“Okay, cowboy.” The girl patted a stool at the table. “Hop on up.”

Cowboy?

"I'm Mindy." She smiled prettily at Steve and shook his hand.

"Just pierce his ear," Billy said darkly. "Let's not get cute alright?"

Billy stood close behind Steve and crossed his arms, looming over Mindy.

Steve eyed it warily. "How much does this hurt?"

"It's nothing," Billy said. "I did mine at home with a needle and an ice cube."

"You shouldn't do that," Mindy said, as she wiped Steve's ear with an alcoholic swab.

"Mind your business," Billy cracked.

She rolled her eyes and Steve said, "Please be nice to the person about to put a hole in my head."

"Right. Sorry." Billy dropped an octave and leaned over, turning it on for Mindy. "I apologize. Long day at the old oil field."

She blushed a little but looked too aware of the game and instead focussed on Steve's ear. She marked a dot on his earlobe and took the earrings from Steve, loading her gun with the black crystal stud. Without ceremony she carefully positioned the gun to Steve's earlobe and a thick click sounded.

"Ah!" Steve winced.

"Was it good for you too?" Billy said.

"Shut up," Steve said, chuckling.

Mindy wiped the little bit of blood away and gave Steve instructions for the proper care and maintenance of a newly pierced her and Steve left her a tip before paying at the front. He bought the earring set before Billy could even say a word about it and outside of the store, next to a noisy fountain, Billy switched out his spike for the snake.

"I like it," Steve said, and reached up to flick the snake. "So how dumb do I look?"

Billy whispered in his ear, "It's sexy as hell, Harrington."

Steve turned his head a little to nuzzle Billy's cheek for a briefest second and then stepped away. "It'll look great with my new suit after my mother throws a fit."

"That suit." Billy laughed, shaking his head.

"Well, what are you wearing to graduation?" Steve said.

"The gown."

"And?"

"That's it."

"*What?*"

"I'm wearing the gown and the skin God gave me," Billy said, sticking his tongue between his teeth.

"You're a maniac."

"Yeah, and now that's all you're gonna be thinking about during the ceremony."

"Fuck."

"Man, that crotch is gonna be tight."

"Fuck."

"So, how about that Orange Julius?"

Billy covered the Orange Juliuses and then they went outside to drink them, finding a dark corner in the parking lot where they could smoke and get close. Steve reached around and stuck his hand in Billy's front pocket while he leaned against Steve.

"Hey," Steve said. "You wanna live together?"

Billy's heart stuttered. He thought he might have misheard. "What?"

"Well, you're moving out of your dad's place, right?"

"Even if I have to live in my car," Billy said.

"Right, well, you're not living in your car," Steve played with the straw of his drink in his teeth, mumbling around it. "We'll get a place. Outside Hawkins. I'll be working for my dad. Just for a while. Save up enough to go wherever. Cheaper if we're both working and splitting a place, right?"

Billy turned around to face Steve. "Serious? Don't fuck with me, Harrington."

"I wouldn't," Steve said. "You know that. C'mon. It'll be great. Have a place to ourselves, right?"

He tugged Billy forward by his belt buckle. "Just you and I?"

Billy opened his mouth and closed it and said. "I guess that would be cool."

Steve smiled and kissed his cheek. "A lesser man wouldn't know that's Billy Hargrove speak for I love you."

"Shut up, Harrington."